HART. Tis Gualtree forest[9], an't shall please your grace.
ARCH. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.
HART. We have sent forth already.
ARCH. 'Tis well done.
My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland:
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:—
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy: whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may overlive the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their opposite.
MOWB. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

HAST. Now, what news?
MESS. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.
MOWB. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on *, and face them in the field.

9 Tis GUALTREE forest.] " The earle of Westmoreland, &c. made forward against the rebels, and coming into a plaine, within *Galtree* forest, caused their standards to be pitched down in like sort as the archbishop had pitched his, over against them,"
Holinshed, p. 529.
STEEVENS.

1 Let us SWAY on,] I know not that I have ever seen *sway*